

**Indiana Course-Aligned Assessment  
English 9, 11, and 12 – Sample Item**

**Read this sentence.**

My art class is going on a field trip to the Museum of Fine Arts, which should be very informative.

1. Which of the following is the **BEST** way to rewrite this sentence?

- A** My art class is going on a field trip to the Museum of Fine Arts. The trip should be very informative.
- B** Going on a field trip to the Museum of Fine Arts should be very informative with my art class.
- C** A field trip to the Museum of Fine Arts. This is where my art class is going, and it should be very informative.
- D** The Museum of Fine Arts is where my art class is going on a field trip, which should be very informative.

*From My Brother Paul (Dresser) and the Birth of “On the Banks of the Wabash”*  
by Theodore Dreiser

1 . . . It was one of those delightful summer Sunday mornings (1896, I believe), when I was still connected with his firm as editor of the little monthly they were issuing . . . that we had gone over to this office to do a little work. I had a number of current magazines I wished to examine; he was always wishing to compose something, to express that ebullient and emotional soul of his in some way.

2 “What do you suppose would make a good song these days?” he asked in an idle, meditative mood, sitting at the piano and thrumming while I at a nearby table was looking over my papers. “Why don’t you give me an idea once in a while, sport? You ought to be able to suggest something.”

3 “Me?” I queried, almost contemptuously, I suppose. I could be very lofty at times in regard to his work, much as I admired him—vain and yet more or less dependent snip that I was. “I can’t write those things. Why don’t you write something about a state or a river? . . . something that suggests a part of America? People like that. Take Indiana—what’s the matter with it—the Wabash River? It’s as good as any other river, and you were ‘raised’ beside it.”

4 I have to smile even now as I recall the apparent zest or feeling with which all at once he seized on this. It seemed to appeal to him immensely. “That’s not a bad idea,” he agreed, “but how would you go about it? Why don’t you write the words and let me put the music to them? We’ll do it together!”

5 “But I can’t,” I replied. “I don’t know how to do those things. You write it, I’ll help—maybe.”

6 After a little urging—I think the fineness of the morning had as much to do with it as anything—I took a piece of paper and after meditating a while scribbled in the most tentative manner imaginable the first verse and chorus of that song almost as it was published. I think one or two lines were too long or didn’t rhyme, but eventually either he or I hammered them into shape, but before that I rather shame-facedly turned them over to him, for somehow I was convinced that this work was not for me and that I was rather loftily and cynically attempting what my good brother would do in all faith and feeling.

7 He read it, insisted that it was fine and that I should do a second verse, something with a story in it, a girl perhaps—a task which I solemnly rejected.

8 “No, you put it in. It’s yours, I’m through.”

9 Some time later, disagreeing with the firm as to the conduct of the magazine, I left—really was forced out—which raised a little feeling on my part; not on his, I am sure, for I was very difficult to deal with.

10 Time passed and I heard nothing. I had been able to succeed in a somewhat different realm, that of the magazine contributor, and although I thought a great deal of my brother, I paid very little attention to him or his affairs, being much more concerned with my own. One spring night, however, the following year, as I was lying in my bed trying to sleep, I heard a quartette of boys in the distance approaching along the street in which I had my room. I could not make out the words at first but the melody at once attracted my attention. It was plaintive and compelling. I listened, attracted, satisfied that it was some new popular success that had “caught on.” As they drew near my window I heard the words “On the Banks of the Wabash” most mellifluously harmonized.

11 I jumped up. They were my words! It was Paul’s song! He had another “hit” then—“On the Banks of the Wabash,” and they were singing it in the streets already! I leaned out of the window and listened as they approached and passed on, their arms about each other’s shoulders, the whole song being sung in the still street, as it were, for my benefit. The night was so warm, delicious. A full moon was overhead. I was young, lonely, wistful. It brought back so much of my already spent youth that I was ready to cry—for joy principally. In three more months it was everywhere, in the papers, on the stage, on the street-organs, played by orchestras, bands, whistled and sung in the streets . . .

From: “Twelve Men” by Theodore Dreiser, Copyright 1919 by Theodore Dreiser, renewed 1946 by Helen Dreiser as widow of the author. Charles Scribner's Sons.

2. Which is the **BEST** interpretation of the circumstances of Theodore’s leaving his brother’s firm?
  - A Paul was quite emotional about Theodore leaving.
  - B Theodore left because of Paul’s way of conducting himself.
  - C Theodore wanted to leave to write articles for other magazines.
  - D Theodore was forced to resign for arguing about how to run the magazine.
3. Describe how Theodore’s attitude toward writing the song changes. Support your response with details from the passage.

**Answer Key**

<b>Item</b>	<b>Answer</b>	<b>Alignment</b>
1	A	11.6.1
2	D	11.2.5
3	Theodore becomes reluctantly involved in writing the song, saying to his brother, “I don’t know how to do those things. You write it, I’ll help – maybe.” When he writes some of it, he does so with a negative attitude and even refuses to write a second verse. Much later, when he hears some boys singing it in the street, he realizes he is proud he had a hand in creating it.	11.2.4